THE FOOLISH POET PRESS LTD.

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PART 2

THE HESTIA POEMS - SERIES 02

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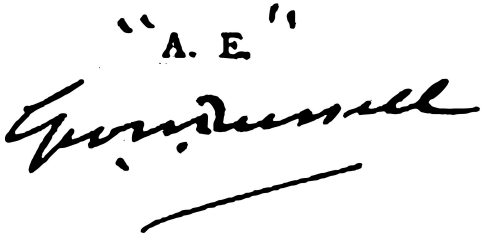
2024

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

HOMEWARD BOUND

“I moved among men and places, and in living I learned the truth at last. I know I am spirit and that I went forth in old time from the Self-ancestral to labours yet unaccomplished; but filled ever and again with home-sickness I made these songs by the way.”

A.E. (George William Russell) (1894) Homeward: Songs by the way. Whaley; Dublin.



“Hestia, in the high dwellings of all, both deathless gods and men who walk on earth, you have gained an everlasting abode and highest honour: glorious is your portion and your right. For without you mortals hold no banquet.”

Homer (8th Century BC (1920)) Hesiod, the Homeric Hymns and Homerica. Translated by H.G. Evelyn-White. William Heinemann: London.

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No. ____

SONGS ALONG THE WAY; HOMEWARD BOUND

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21 (21) - HYMN TO FRIENDSHIP

ALSO KNOWN AS

David Scanlon (2022-23) The Hestia Poems. Foolish Poet Press; Wilmslow.

INSPIRING WORDS OF OTHERS

Booklist of Inspiring words that inspired more words (2024) - Open Library

A.E. (George William Russell) (1894) Homeward: Songs by the way. Whaley; Dublin. Harold Bloom (2005) Poets and poems. Chelsea House Publishers; Philadelphia. “Poetry cannot heal the organized violence of society, but it can perform a work of healing for the self. Stevens called poetry a violence from within set against the violence of without.” Poem 2 - Charles Dickens (1859) A Tale of Two Cities. Chapman & Hall; London. "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness…” Poem 3 - T. S. Eliot (1930) Ash Wednesday. Faber & Faber; London. “Because I do not hope to turn again / Because I do not hope / Because I do not hope to turn.” Poem 4 - Nassim Nicholas Taleb (2012) Anti-fragile: Things that gain from disorder. Penguin; London. “Compromising is condoning. The only modern dictum I follow is by George Santayana: A man is morally free when … he judges the world, and judges other men, with uncompromising sincerity. This is not just an aim but an obligation.” Poem 5 - Simone Weil (1952)The Need for Roots - Prelude to a Declaration of Duties towards Mankind. Routledge & Kegan Paul; London. “Obligations alone remain independent of conditions. They belong to a realm situated above all conditions, because it is situated above this world …..This obligation is an eternal one. It is coextensive with the eternal destiny of human beings. Only human beings have an eternal destiny. Human collectives have not got one. Nor are these, in regard to the latter, any direct obligations of an eternal nature. Duty towards the human being as such—that alone is eternal.” Poem 6 - Friedrich Nietzsche (1886) Jenseits von Gut und Böse - Erstes Hauptstück. Von den Vorurteilen der Philosophen (Beyond Good and Evil - On the Prejudices of Philosophers.) - Part 7. C. G. Naumann; Liepzig. (Translation David Scanlon (2021)) “How malicious philosophers can be! I know nothing more poisonous than the joke,” Poem 7 - Paul Valéry (1951) Fluctuations on Liberty in Reflections on the world today Translated by Francis Scarf. Thames and Hudson; London. “But there is nothing more fruitful than whatever allows minds to take sides and to exploit their differences, when there is no common point of reference to compel them to agree.” Poem 8 - David Scanlon (2020) From the poem You Touched Me. Timeless Truths. The Foolish Poet Press; Wilmslow. Poem 9 - William Wordsworth (1807) Poems, In two volumes. Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme; London. ““My heart leaps up when I behold/ A rainbow in the sky: / So was it when my life began;..” Poem 10 - Rainer Maria Rilke (1912-1922 [1923]) From the Third Elegy; Duineser Elegien (Duino Elergies - Elergies from the castle of Duino). Insel-Verlagg; Leipzig. (Translated David Scanlon (2022)) “We all come together, even that which we forever/ keep apart, just being there. We then are born….” Poem 11 - Buddha (300 BC [2014]) Dhammapada (50) A Translation by Thanissaro Bhikku. Meta Forrest Monastary; Valley Center. “Just like a blossom, / bright coloured / & full of scent: / A well spoken word/ is fruitful / when well carried out.” Poem 12 - Derek Walcott (1986) From Love After Love in Collected Poems 1948 - 1984. Faber and Faber Ltd; London. ““The time will come / when, with elation, / you will greet yourself arriving / at your own door, in your own mirror..” Poem 13 - Ruth Muskrat Bronson (1923 [2011]) If You Knew in Changing Is Not Vanishing: A Collection of American Indian Poetry to 1930. University of Pennsylvania Press; Philadelphia.”If you could know the wide, wide reach / Of love that simple friendliness could teach..” Nock Cave (2022). Faith, Hope and Carnage. Canongate Books Ltd; Edinburgh.“A stumbling on form through musical adventuring. I think that might be key, that we are actually using a kind of mutual unknowing in an attempt to capture songs.” Poem 14 - Nick Cage (2021) From the Poem The Spanish Lady. The Red Hand Files. ISSUE #141 / APRIL 2021 “All my songs are waving goodbye. They are trailing behind them a smear of rage.” Poem 15 - Stevie Smith (1982) The Collected Poems of Stevie Smith. Allen Lane; London. (Page 303) “I was much too far out all my life/ And not waving but drowning.” Poem 16 - G. K. Chesterton (1929) Ubi Ecclesia drawings by Diana Murphy. The Ariel Poems - Poem 21. Faber and Gwyer; London. “For our Castle is East of the Sun”. Poem 17 - John O'Donohue (2010) From Beannacht Echoes of Memory. Transworld Publishing; Ireland. “On the day when the weight deadens on your shoulder” Poem 19 - Friedrich Nietzsche (1886) Jenseits von Gut und Böse - Erstes Hauptstück. Von den Vorurteilen der Philosophen (Beyond Good and Evil - On the Prejudices of Philosophers.) - Part 3. C. G. Naumann; Liepzig. (Translation David Scanlon (2021)) ““After watching the philosophers read between the lines and touched their fingers long enough, I say to myself:” Poem 20 - Jane Kenyon (2007) From the Poem The Evening Sun in Collected Poems. Graywolf Press; Minneapolis. “Why does this light force me back to my childhood?” Poem 21 - Henry Wandsworth Longfellow (1839) From the poem A Psalm of Life in Voices of the Night. John Owen; Cambridge. “Lives of great ones all remind us We can make our lives sublime”

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2024

Also By The Same Author

The Poet, The Prisoner & The Fool
Poetry For Business: Fired By Passion
Poetry For Business: Continuing Conversations
Speak Of Love: Continuing Conversations
Love Will Set You Free
The Poetry Of Life: Seeing Again
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35 Poems
Songs Of Life
Eternal Songs From Memory
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Unbounded Love
Eternal Songs - Quarterly Poetry Collections

Translations By the Same Author

Poems Of Alberto Caeiro (Volume 1) - Fernando Pessoa
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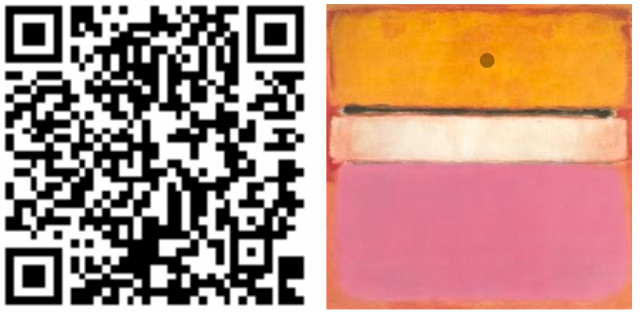

Playlist for Poems (2024) Songs selected for the poems. A playlist inspired and for poetry. Art - Mark Rothko (1950) White Center ((Yellow, Pink and Lavender on Rose).

HYMN TO FRIENDSHIP

From a fragment - A Poem from the sands of time

Goddess Friendship, I deign to hear your song
May we two sing together of how friendships long!
Where eyes of true friendship poise,
Filled with all of friendships joys
They come not with aiding ways,
Still, are filled with the rose of dawns gaze
and, from her holy hand, this oath of eternal faith.

Goddess Friendship, they feign from our song
Shall we sing it louder, as in friendship we belong?
When, in living, the eyes in friendship rise,
That moment brings a joyous surprise,
But, oh, not always with aiding ways,
Which cuts us off from seeing the roses gaze
And in this, our land, what oath of ours is faith!

Goddess Friendship, I reign when I hear your song
So I now sing softly of a love that grows strong!
When loving eyes in this friendship see,
Then, each moment, feels like eternity,
That is not reached in simple ways!
But when I feel the joy in the roses gaze
From my breast the words of our eternal faith find rest.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY; HOMEWARD BOUND

The Hestia Poems

David Scanlon

The Foolish Poet Press

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THE LIGHTNESS OF CIRCLES

Yes, in our circle of life we are but the focus,
yet it is the radius of Family and Friendships
that makes us spin within our true emotions...
The cycles of our days, start and end,
The cycles of our life, start and end,
Loving moments shared are eternal!

Where is your focus, as your life circles?
Is it within the love and directness of care
which, sometimes, hurts - as truth can…
The emotions of being, start and end,
The emotions of life, start and end,
Loving moments shared are eternal!

Yes, in our circles of life, when love is our focus,
we go beyond the perimeter of those who care,
those that help the cycles spin with emotion…
The cycles of her days, start without end,
The cycles of her love, start without end,
After all circles have no beginnings nor ends....!

NEW WATERS BREAK

Why do we remain so trapped, yet,
In tragedy and death we awaken,
In grief, as if the waters of truth break?
In the new birth, we re-imagine,
Stop our measuring and reflect,
Alive to the transience of life.

Can we ever escape from the traps?
In joyousness and birth we awaken,
In love, as if the waters of life break:
In the new birth, we re-emerge,
Stop our measuring and reflect,
Alive to the trans-mission of life.

Can we remain and escape, stay,
In everydayness and live, awake,
In love and hate, as new waters break?
In each moment, we can re-affect,
In measuring and in reflecting, be -
Alive to the transcendence of life.

"Poetry cannot heal the organized violence of society, but it can perform a work of healing for the self. Stevens called poetry a violence from within set against the violence of without."

Harold Bloom

FEELING FREE - CHOOSING OUR LIVES YOU AND I

We choose our lives, you and I,
Emerging as from the unknown.
Yet functioning in our special world
Requires a movement fully towards something
Which, emerging from all the past patterns,
Is captured by a moment, at a single sharp point.

Choosing our patterns, you and I,
Requires a trust in a movement true.
Yet continuing within our special world
Requires belief in a selfhood shaped by something
Which, emerging from all the patterns of others
Is captured by a moment, at a single sharp point.

I love our choices, you and I,
Present in the shape our working takes.
Yet making known and unknown free in our special world
Requires the patience to be shaped by something.
Which, emerging from all that has ever been
Is captured by a moment, at a single sharp point.

I WILL NOT WAIT

Thank you for ringing this bell,
Remembering how love fell, and
Arose again within musics spell:
Words in haunting melodies,
Remind us of hidden mysteries,
Anchored within our histories!

We are imperfect one and all,
Remember that we will fall, and
Rise again to the sirens call:
The cracks let the light in,
We are not perfect within,
And yet we can still win!

Win the love of friends with words,
Remember we are absurd, and
Yet in actions sing like the birds:
We all make melodies in life,
Though events present strife,
So I will not await the afterlife!

SPEAK OF LOVE

Flow freely sweet word dreams,
Take in the desire, harness times day;
Let not the speed to find
Unseat from her place
The one true love.

Begotten before times placehood,
Eternal in desire, beyond times play,
Let the truth of dreams
Speak beyond her place
Of one true love.

In the seeking and the speaking,
Free from all desire, find times clay;
Let our oneness today,
Shaped in her beauty,
Speak words our love.

TIME AND US

Time, time, what of this time,
Accursed time, blessed time,
This time that marks our lives:
It places us, it faces us,
In ways that absorb us,
Inhibiting us from seeing!

Alleluia, alleluia, sing alleluia,
For the blessed and accursed,
With songs that mark our lives:
She faces us, she paces us,
In a way that absurds us,
Enticing us with seeing!

Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.
For in the giving, in our control,
Lies our sympathy and empathy:
We face us, she paces us,
In ways that make an us.
Shantih shantih shantih

ALLOWING US

Go gentle, go gentle, go gently
For we live among the fragile,
The sensitive, the serious ones:
Yet life is so seriously funny,
Within a quietness of friends,
Who allow the valve to pop.

Go raging, go raging, go rage
When living among the fragile,
The insensitive, the serious ones:
My life is so serially funny,
A cornucopia of friends,
Who don’t need me to strive.

Go loving, go loving, go love,
For we all become the fragile,
The sensitive, the serious ones:
Remember the fun times,
Make this noise with friends,
Who accept and allow an us.

THE BLIND FOOLS

How often do we seek what we cannot find?
For in the world of things all can have a place,
Everything can be numbered, or so some think!
I enjoy the world of things, all numbered,
All structured, where patterns help shape
The rationality and structure of things.

How often do we find what we cannot seek?
For in the world of people all too can find a place,
Everyone can seek their dreams, or so some think!
I enjoy the world of people, all hopeful,
All chaotic, word patterns helping to shape
Our irrational and structured ways.

How often do we accept what we do not see?
For the world of love can be found without seeking,
Everyone can find her joys, or so some think!
I enjoy this world of love, with a new faith,
With a hope, that word patterns keep coming
To fools who listen and have found it all!

I DID NOT SEEK THIS WAY

I can hear you now, from sanded time,
Washed away with each sacred wave,
Now gently caressing a worded-silence:
What gift is this, to hear eternity;
What pleasure is this, to know joy;
What pain, accepted with courage?

I did not seek for this way of being,
It consumes me with each waved-word,
Giving voice to life from a sacred-silence:
What pain is this, to hear eternity;
What measure for this, knowing joy;
This love, I accept in courage!

Listen to me now, hear loves time,
Be washed away with each new wave,
Be gentle. Be caressed in the silence:
Accept this gift, a hearing;
Accept the pleasure, from joy;
Wash the pain with this love.

RESPECT IN FREEDOM

We loose ourselves in freedom,
When our needs override others,
And take from others what is:
Their freedom to speak;
Their desires to just be;
Their need to feel free.

We loose respect in freedom,
When our needs are over-ridden,
And taken in conversation is:
Our freedom to speak;
Our desires to just be;
Our need to feel free.

We gain respect in freedom,
When obligations align in others,
And within our conversation is:
Each’s freedom to speak;
Each’s desires to just be;
Each’s need to feel free

THE IRRESPONSIBLE

The responsible always pay for the irresponsible,
It is our eternal obligation for others made a reality -
What is different is how we see, hear and feel duty
As rights we hold collide with others wrongs,
The breaking of rules which others respect,
And we reflect and make meaning-in-action.

Do the irresponsible always gain from others care,
Our desire to support and punish our human reality -
With the difference being in what we feel and do
As rights collide with what become new wrongs,
The breaking of bonds which others disrespect,
And we act and make decisions from feelings?

Do the responsible always gain from their care,
A human inability to forgive both self and others.
What is different is how we see, hear and feel love
As wrongs we hold collide with others rights,
A breaking of human ties to earthly respect,
And we find eternal love, reflection-in-action.

WORDS DIE TOO

Who teaches who the barbarism of war?
Nationalistic totems of a legalised death, in
The defence of a territory and a culture:
Who holds who higher in this game?
Who looks beyond to see evil in evil?
What truth is there in these deaths?

We all die, when one dies, for we are one!
Split into the many, all speak their voice, in
The defence of an identity and a culture:
Who loves who highest in this game?
Who sees beyond this love and hate,
What truth is there when we all die?

We are all at war when we are not at one!
For it is our will and voice that speaks, in
The creation of our identities and culture:
Some appear higher in this, our game?
They see fully what we are in all our words,
Their truth is our truth but words die too!

SING OUR SONGS

Let us all sing our own songs of living,
Born in the everyday ways of our being,
So that others may know of your love:
Sing hard from throated depths,
Scream when it is so unbearable,
But always remember who sings?

Sing for ancestors, who made our life,
So they may hear all these reparations,
Born of love, with their life in your hearts:
Sing sweet of their cherished wishes;
Stream tears when life is taken away,
But always sing of their fullest life.

I sing now with songs of this freedom
Born in the everyday ways of our being,
So that others may know of this love:
I sing hard from throated depths,
Scream when it is so unbearable,
But I always know who is singing!

FRIENDS YOU WERE RIGHT

Am I just, now, an empty chair,
In a room filled with empty chairs,
Seeing the light beyond in darkness?
No, Plato, you were wrong,
Write less and question more,
Like your friend Socrates.

Do I live now, in an empty barrel,
In a City filled with empty minds,
Not seeing light beyond your shadow?
No, Diogenes, you were wrong,
Live more and question more,
Like your friend Alexander.

I am living, now, in a filled room,
In a friend-filled room of laughter,
Seeing the light beyond the darkness?
So, friends, you were right,
Live more and question more,
With loving words from friendship!

I RENDER THIS

I am a multitude, who sings with one voice,
A voice of us, for us, from eternity.
From the depths of hell comes purity:
    I cannot stop the violence
    Yet render from violence, this
    A form, some words. Beauty!

I see all as beauty, singing without a choice,
The voice of us, for us, for eternity.
From the joys of heaven comes truth:
    I can no longer stop these words,
    That render from beauty, this
    A form, some words. Truth!

I am a loneliness, who sings with a voice,
The voice of us, for us, for a peace
From our making of heavens and hells:
    I can no longer stop this loving,
    That renders from us, this
    A form, some words. Love.

MANY VOICES

We are the many voices, the many,
Not the few, who, give and take little.
Seek little but the essential rights:
    Our duty is to others, not to self,
    Not to the vagaries of the popular,
    For we are all the many voices.

We are many conversations, the many,
Not the few, which, create and make life.
Seek life in all that is essentially right:
    Our duty is to truth, not to self,
    Not to the strangers living within,
    For we are all many conversations.

We are the many within, the many,
Not the few, who, greet and take flight.
Seek light in the essence that is right:
    Our duty is to love, the many voices,
    And the strangers that live within.
    The feast of life has many voices!

MANIFEST ACTION

For Melvyn Hollis, Prof. E. R. Huehns, Prof. E.J. Stanbridge, Prof. A. Roper: who started and inspired a life of words becoming actions.

I remain in awe of the enlightened,
The seers and speakers of truth,
Who manifest their way for us:
Awestruck and yet moving,
I am moved by their words,
Manifested in their actions.

We are all animals of activity,
Roaming, roving and searching,
As we manifest this way of us:
Human, all to human, I'm,
Moving and finding words,
That manifest my actions.

I am in awe when I notice beauty.
I'm a seer and speaker of this truth,
Who manifests these words of us:
Awestruck and moved, I move,
Carried along, finding words,
Which are manifest in action.

SHARING JOY

What is love, but the removal of impediments too it!
The unprecedented pleasures which, which, which,
Flow from the moments where love is eternally seen:
In that smile from the patience of…
In the touching dance of those…
Together moments: where we…

Lived within our moment, within your calm smile,
The bounteous laughter which, which, which
Aches from all that was and all that is to come:
In that open hand is the love of…
In the revelry of youthful play the…
Forever moments: where we…

Anchor memory, for any storms that lie ahead,
From unpretentious pleasures which, which, which,
Will become the moments - memories of love:
Moments - the joy of love expressed;
Movement - the smile of two hearts
In together moments - sharing joy.

LIVE & STAY

For all who struggle to behold.

Today I remember you, who
Walked away in silence, few
Would have thought it possible:
For you were a happy man;
Fondly loving, a family man,
Determined to make life pay.

But who is it that paid, who?
When you in silence walked, few
Heard that fateful scream:
For in that moment, a man,
Fondly loved, a family man,
Made all of us left in life pay.

We paid, but now we forgive, you
Who walked away in silence, few
Would have thought it possible:
I am now, today, a happy man;
Fondly loving, a family man,
Determined to live and stay.

A FRIENDSHIP SONG

After João Airas de Santiago (1302) - A troubadour Song

All the things I see depart
in this our world of sound,
and people they drowned
in sound, as time it's yours!,
but love it does not depart
in a friends heart it stores.

Although you break my heart
for things loved, in life's flow,
and turn from places we know,
and turn from your own shores,
you will not depart my heart
in this friends heart it stores.

All the things I see change,
times change, we are glad,
we change for good or bad,
all things move as wind roars
but love it will never change
in a friends heart it stores.